Mrs. Mabel Secord comp

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Charlevoix County Herald

VOLUME 51 EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1947. NUMBER 52

Fishing Laws Change Jan. 1st

MANY CHANGES AFFECT TROUT FISHING.

New conservation laws that become effective January 1 affect sport fishing only, and many of the changes will not concern anglers until trout season arrives, the conservation department reports.

Beginning with the first day of the new year, fishermen will be paying the new and higher license fees: $1.50 for residents, $2 for 10-day nonresident permits and $3 for annual nonresident permits. And to fish for brook, brown or rainbow trout, the fisherman will have to attach a $1 trout stamp to his fishing license.

The closing date of trout season in 1948 will be about a week later than usual -- September 12 -- and the season will be the longest in years since it starts April 24. Snag hooks are banned from all trout streams, not just certain designated ones, from Labor Day to June 1. Two more trout ponds with the two-fish-a-day limit will be available at Summerville and Bald Mountain, and three ponds -- Manistee, Provement and Solon will have the five-a-day limit. The Soo rapids will be open to rainbow fishing from June 1 to November 30, and lists of trout lakes and waters open to fall rainbow fishing have both been revised.

Glass minnow traps for taking bait will be permitted in trout streams next season for the first time, but only in certain specified sections of trout streams in the lower peninsula, and only in the period when bait supplies are critically short, June 15 to September 5.

The ban on evening and night ice fishing for bluegills (after 6 p.m.) has been lifted, and on inland waters having sturgeon, these giant fish may be speared through the ice in January and February. Northern pike is back on the commercial list, and there is a new 60-day limit on storage of game fish after the close of the season in which they were taken.

Civic Chorus Gave Fine Program Last Wednesday

The East Jordan Civic Chorus gave a very fine program on Wednesday December 17th at the high school.

John Hodge recorded much of the program and played the music back to the members at a social hour following the program.

The Civic Chorus will not meet during the holiday season. Watch this paper for an announcement of the date of the next meeting.

The ensemble:—

SOPRANOS — Margaret Blossie, Jeanne Brown, Judy Anne Carrol, Lola Gilpin, Elaine Gunther, Thelma Hegeberg, Donna Holland, Helen LaCroix, Sadie Liskum, Ruth Moore, Lois Snyder.

ALTOS — Florence Davis, Grace Galmore, Marie Hughes, Harriet Malpass, Phyllis Malpass, Bowen Ogden, Ruth Vance, Donnie Winkle.

TENORS — W. A. Healey, George Klooster, Ted LaCroix, Kenneth Leckrone, Dorsey Leckrone, Albert Omland, Donald Winkle.

BASS — Adolphe Drapeau, Ted Malpass, John Porter, John Seiler, Jason Snyder, Bryce Vance.

Mrs. M.F. Lewis Accompanist.
Alta Drapeau Director.

Christmas Services In St. Joseph Church

At 11:45 Christmas eve the St. Joseph Choir will begin singing Christmas carols followed by a High Mass at midnight. The following carols will be sung in order: "Silent Night", "O Holy Night", "Angles Message".

The complete Mass including the "Kyrie", "Gloria", "Credo", "Sanctus" "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei" taken from the "Mass in Honor of the Immaculate Conception" by J. Wiegand. During the Offertory the choir will sing the "Adeste Fideles".

The second Mass will be celebrated at 7:30. This will be a special Mass for the children. The third Mass at 9:30 during which the choir again will sing many beautiful Christmas carols. The benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will follow this Mass.

New Year Day the Masses will be celebrate at the same hours as on Sunday - 7:30 and 9:30.

A Junior Higher says that while his girl's lips are beautiful. . . he'll put his own up against them any time.

Christmas Dance at East Jordan Last Thursday

The East Jordan School Gym was the scene of one of the most friendly and best appreciated dances held in East Jordan in quite some time. The Jordan Chapter of the O.E.S. and selected Thursday Evening, Dec. 18th as the most appropriated date to open the Holiday Season. About 75 couples enjoyed dancing from 9 to 1 with Stanley Severance and his orchestra providing the music.

The highlight of the evening was the grand march led by Jane Bowen, Worthy Matron of the East Jordan Chapter. She wore a beautiful white crepe gown as did many of the other Stars who were in attendance. Many of the ladies wore corsages.

Quite a few of the couples commenced the evening with private dinner parties, much enjoyed, but all agree that the dance itself was the best ever.

A great deal of credit for the success of the party should go to Mrs. Minnie Des Jardins and her committee for their thoughtfulness and efforts in decorating the hall and arranging for the soft candle light, as well as floral favors for the ladies.

Because of the enthusiastic response and the most enjoyable evening the Stars are hoping to make the dance an annual affair.



In nearly every Michigan small town we have visited in the past year or so, one common trend has been evident. It is this:

Country living is enjoying a revival. Industry is decentralizing. It is opening branches in small towns. It is even migrating from the big city. There is more building activity outside the city limits of many towns than there is inside. These signs are significant, if we are to try to fit them into a common jig-saw mosaic pattern.

Henry Ford II, president of the Ford Motor Company, stated in the current issue of the Atlantic Monthly that the company is going to decentralize. Why? Because big business, unless broken down into well defined segments, become top-heavy and inefficient. Because "many of the social problems of our times are made worse--and in part have been created--by concentrating vast numbers of people in crowded city areas such as Detroit."

John Gunther, in his 979-page report, "Inside U.S.A.", refers to Detroit as the most explosive labor center in the Notion; to the U.A.W., the automobile workers' union, as the "most volcanic union in the country."

Here is a union, centered in Detroit, whose membership has grown from 15,000 to 1,250,000 in only ten years. And here is also a union whose leadership demanded, only a few years ago, the right to inspect the employer's books in order to find out how much of the profits could be paid to the workers in higher wages.

This confusion over profits is one of the by-products of industrial centralization where the boss and the worker never meet except belligerently around a strike table.

"There seems to be an impression around," said young Ford in the magazine interview, "that for some obscure reason or other, Ford does not have to make a profit. That isn't so. Unless we can obtain a return that enables us to pay reasonable dividends, renew our plant, invest for the future, and meet campetition on equal terms, Ford Motor Company will not have any future."

According to one survey, the average investment per job in America is $6,000. Who put up the money? Someone who was willing to risk dollars in the hope of earning a profit.

What happens when technology is obsolete and inefficient? The British coal mining industry today is a prime 259 tons per year per man in 1946; 695,000 of them produced 189 million tons. Now look at the United States where competitive free enterprise still exists: 416000 miners, by the aid of modern machinery, produced 590 million tons, an average output per man of 1419 tons, six times that of the British miner.

Little wonder, then, that the American miner earns more wages than his fellow in England!

Gunther reports also that everywhere in the United States the automobile and its counter-part, the modern concrete highway, is emptying cities of their population. The trend is toward towns where security is rooted in home ownership, food gardens, and friendly living, and where management and labor meet as neighbors.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey recently said: "The heart of this nation is the rural small town."

If we were called upon to make a report on the State of the Nation today, we would merely say: America's heart is sound; small towns are prospering.

Marriage

Thomas — Hazard

A very pretty wedding took place Saturday evening, Dec. 20, at 8:00 o'clock in God's Lighthouse Mission, when Miss Evelyn Thomas became the bride of Charles Hazard, both of Sault Ste. Marie, in a double ring ceremony read by Rev. Louis Jenkins of Cheboygan.

Evelyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Findley Holborn of Sault Ste. Marie, formerly of East Jordan, and Charles is the son of Mrs. Bernice Gage, a missionary in Nenna, Alaska.

Preceding the ceremony, Miss Helen Jane LaCroix sang, "I Love You Truly" and "Always", accompanying herself at the piano, which was partially concealed behind a bower of green and white streamers.

To the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the bridal party took their places before the altar, decorated in the form of an arch of green and white streamers, flanked on either side with lighted tapers.

The bride entered on the arm of her father and was lovely in the traditional white satin gown, made with tight fitted bodice, and yoke of net and insertion, the full skirt ended with a train. The cap was a halo which held the three-quarter length veil. She carried a bouquet of red roses tied with white satin ribbon.

Vera Holborn attended her sister as maid of honor and wore a light blue organdie floor length gown and a cap of white net. She carried pink and white baby-mums.

Miss Marie Thomas, neice of the bride, served as brides-maid and wore a bige crepe floor length gown. Her cap and bouquet were identical to that of the maid of honor.

The groom was attended by Sherman Thomas, brother of the bride, her other two brothers Harold and Gabriel Thomas acted as ushers.

The bride's mother wore lavender crepe and a corsage of red rose buds and baby mums.

After the ceremony a reception was held in the Methodist church parlors for about 75 guests. The table was centered with a four tiered wedding cake topped with a miniature bride and groom.

The newly weds received many lovely gifts and the best wishes of a host of friends.

Those from out-of-town here to attend the wedding were:— The bride's parents and sister, Vera of Sault Ste. Marie; Rev. Louis Jenkins of Cheboygan; Rev. Edwin Willett and Mrs. Elex Dumont and son Ray of West Branch; Clyde Holborn and Mr. and Mrs. Thor Dimson of Petoskey; Mr. and Mrs. Earl Holborn and Mrs. Mary Griffen and son Julian of Charlevoix.

Foxes Have a Haven

If foxes are as smart as they are reputed to be, more of them may be seen within city limits when news of interpretation of the fox bounty law by the conservation department's attorney gets around.

City clerks of Saginaw, Manistee and Marquette recently asked whether they might certify bounty payments on foxes trapped within their municipal boundaries. The official interpretation points out that under the law township clerks are authorized to certify fox bounty applications. And township clerks' jurisdiction does not extend beyond the political townships' boundaries into cities.

The fox is not protected in the city, but while there he does not have the $5 price on his head that he must carry in rural areas.

Do Not Buy or Use Ozone Generators

Garage operators throughout the state were warned today by the Michigan Department of Health not to buy or use ozone generating machines which are being peddled by salemen who contend they will eliminate carbon monoxide fumes.

These machines not only have no value in eliminating carbon monoxide, but they are down right dangerous" in themselves, Dr. Kenneth E. Markuson, Director of the Department's Bureau of Industrial Health, said.

"Salesman," he said, "tell garage operators that the ozone generated by the machine combines with the deadly carbon monoxide to form harmless carbon dioxide. Actually the ozone is 100 times more poisonous than the carbon monoxide, and it does not readily combine with it to form carbon dioxide. The concentration of ozone required to eliminate even a minor carbon monoxide hazard would cause serious ill effects in those who breathed it."

"Not only that, but the installation of such a machine gives the garage employees a false sense of security with the results that they do not take ordinary precautions against the carbon monoxide fumes from automobile exhausts.

"The most satisfactory way of eliminating the danger of carbon monoxide fumes from a running motor in a garage is to attach a device directly to the exhaust pipe which will carry the fumes outside the building," Dr. Markson said.

Maple Grove Sunday School Will Meet December 28th

If the members of the Maple Grove Sunday School (Bennett) will meet on Dec. 28, 1947, we will have our final session for this year and distribute the Missionary treat of candy, nuts and presents.

Mrs. Scott Bartholmew Sec'y.

NOTICE

On and after this date I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by others than myself. Dec. 22, 1947.

52x1 Marguerite Cripe.

East Jordan Harbor Project

PROGRESSES NICELY UNDER CITY and CHAMBER of COMMERCE WORK.

The much discussed and long planned East Jordan harbor breakwater seems to be a step nearer to becoming a reality. The U. S. Army Engineers, who sometime ago conducted a public hearing, are now preparing their report on the improvement and during the past week their representative, Mr. P. Traglia, spent several days in town collecting supplemental information.

Mayor Whiteford, and the Chamber of Commerce committee, John Porter and Hollis Drew, represented the community and assisted in gathering the additional data requested by the department. Much of this vital material was secured from the Charlevoix Harbormaster, Capt. Joseph Howard, whose 100% co-operation made completion of the work possible and provided another instance of the inter-city spirit of helpfulness existing between our two towns.

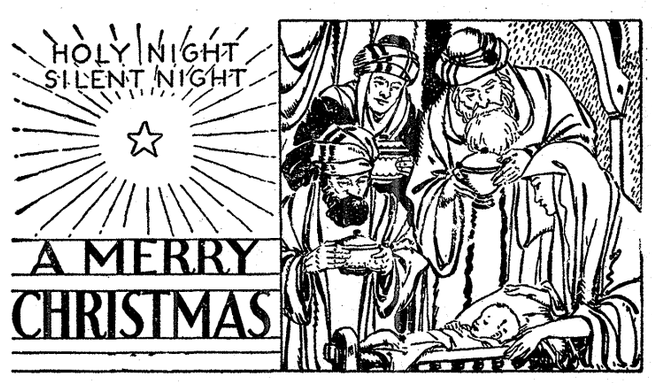
The actual need of this development was emphasized particularly when the statistics revealed that over 600 pleasure and recreational craft visited our waters during the past two seasons. With adequate fascilities most of these boats would have been "stop-overs" instead of just casual 'callers' and highlight the importance of harbor improvement. The Lake is our greatest natural resource - and will be our greatest recreational attraction with a little help from us.

TO THE TAXPAYERS OF EVELINE TWP.

I will be at the Advance Store on Tuesday, Jan. 6th, and at the Myer's Store, Ironton, Thursday, Jan. 8, for the purpose of collecting taxes.

Evelyn Kamradt
52x2 Twp. Treasurer.

Mrs. Jessie Hiatt left this Tuesday for New Buffalo, Mich., where she will spend Christmas with her neice, Mrs. Fay Kreuger and family. Her sister, Mrs. A.J. Suffern, will also be there.



THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI
FORESHADOWED THE CHRISTMAS-
GIVING OF TODAY.
A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT THAT DOES
MORE TO PROMOTE THE SPIRIT OF
BROTHERLY LOVE THAN ALL
OTHER INFLUENCES COMBINED.

THE HAPPY SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS
IS DEEP IN OUR HEARTS.
LET IT ECHO IN THE
STRENGTH OF OUR VOICES AS WE
GREET OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS
ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

★ ★ ★

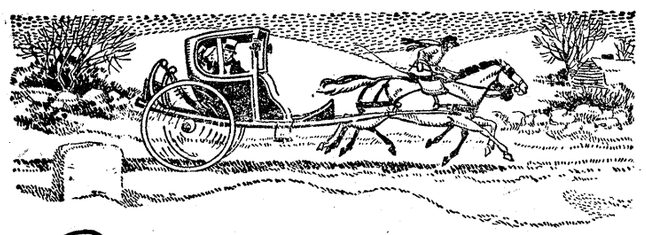
The Charlevoix Co. Herald



CHRISTMAS IS A TIME WHEN OLD LOYALTIES ARE NOT ONLY STRENGTHENED BUT REMEMBERED. WE WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW MUCH WE APPRECIATE YOUR CONFIDENCE IN US, AND HOW EARNESTLY WE WISH FOR YOU A VERY JOYOUS CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

* * *

Shedina's Furniture Store



Merry Christmas
TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

Styles change, methods change, but Christmas—never! Beneath it all is the same old love of man for his folks and his neighbors, the same old dream of the day when peace and good will encompass all the earth.

So now in that changeless season of Christmas we greet our friends and neighbors, as so often before, with that timeworn message of cheer and good fellowship, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Henry S. Dougherty, Garage

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN



MERRY CHRISTMAS*

A SPECIAL TRIP FOR ST. NICHOLAS

Santa is making a special trip this year, and he's coming direct to your home laden with merry Christmas wishes from us to you.

West Side A-G Store
Clifford Bradshaw

3 MINUTE FICTION

Nixey Awakens

By Harold Monroe

JIM VARDON, ex-boatswain's mate second class, United States Navy, luxuriated on the end of his spine and the back of his neck in the old arm chair, lugged out there on the porch especially for his comfort by his dad.

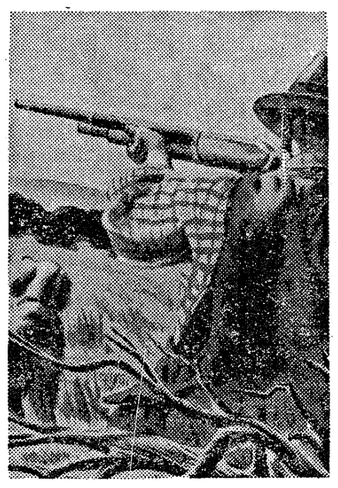
Mom was looking down at the foot of the steps where Nixey, the dog, stretched in the sun, and Jim could see that worry or something was clouding her pleasant face. He stirred and his mother turned to face him.

"Jim-Jimmy, Dear." She blinked her kind grey eyes. "Jimmy, are you happy—really happy I mean."

He grinned at her. "Happy? Why of course I am, Mom." He went over and gave her a hug, then stooped down to towsle the dog's ears. The old dog hardly opened his eyes, and Jim went back and dropped heavily into the arm chair.

Presently a soft glow began to warm him. He was recalling his boyhood and he thought of the time Nixey had followed him into Fowler's Funeral Parlor where the high school band practiced on Sunday afternoons. How the dog managed to sleep through all the tootings and squeakings and blarings of the ambitious and youthful musicians he would never know, but Nixey had.

And the time when, instead of going into the big hall at the Masonic Temple where the high school was giving a reception and dance for a visiting basketball team, some of the gang had slipped off into one of the smaller lodge rooms for a secret game of craps, and prim



The old time was back.

Miss Halsey, the English teacher, had barged in on them. The rest of the gang had beat it safely before the teacher had had a chance to recognize them individually, but Jim knew it was all off with him when, as he ran, he heard her say: "I didn't recognize any of them, but here's old Nixey, James Varden's dog, asleep in this corner, so at least we know James was one of them."

Mom was still there in the swing with her knitting and between every few knits and purls her eyes would stray toward Jim. Suddenly she said: "Say, Jimmy, your gun is out in the garage. Why don't you go hunting sometime? It would do you good."

JIM didn't feel that he particularly wanted to go hunting. He just didn't seem to want to do much of anything, it seemed. But Mom was trying so hard to be helpful he didn't have the heart to say no.

"OK, Mom." He got up and sauntered around toward the garage. "Come along, Nix!" The old dog just rolled his eyes under drooping lids and went back to sleep.

The shotgun rested on some pegs on the back wall of the garage. He lifted it off, broke it down and squinted through the dusty bore. Rummaging around through a drawer, he found his ramrod and ran a rag down the barrel.

He took his hunting jacket from a hook and dusted the cobwebs off it. In one of the cavernous pockets he found several shells. He slipped the coat over his shoulders, picked up the gun and strolled back through the house, dipping into the bulging cookie jar while in the kitchen. Mom was still on the front porch.

"I guess I'll go out to the lake and use up these shells," he told her.

"All right, Son," she said, and added just as she always had done when he was still a kid. "But be careful, won't you."

Nixey rolled his eyes, then lifted his head, and the next instant he was all over Jim, licking his face and scampering madly about. Joyful little yelps punctuated all his actions.

Jim gulped back a knot that was sliding up into his throat. "Mom, he knows me for sure now!" He rumpled the old fellow's ears. "Lookit him, Mom!"

Tears were in Mom's eyes. "I-I'd hoped the gun and your jacket would wake him up. Three years is a long time for you to be away, even for the rest of us, but for old Nixey it was much longer. . . ."

"Yeah," Jim agreed. He cradled the gun under his arm and strolled off. Nixey skipped along lively at his heels. And Jim Varden thought that he had never felt so happy and carefree in his life before.

It was the needed touch for the old time to come back.

Released by WNU Features

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

In the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, the prayer for the last Sunday before Advent began with the words "Stir up." The people of Peterborough took this to be a reminder that they should start their plum pudding at that time, and everybody in the family took a hand in the stirring until it was ready on Christmas.

This indispensable old-time English Christmas dish was furmety, or frumenty, which according to old-time recipes was "wheat boiled until the grains burst, then strained and boiled again with broth or milk and yolks of eggs." Frumenty was the forerunner to plum pudding.

Alms Giving Custom A Christmas Charity

Giving alms at Christmas originated in the belief that the Christ came sometimes to the door disguised as a beggar during the holiday season, and it was feared that he might be turned away unrecognized. There is an old legend that tells of the Christ child going from door to door on Christmas Eve in search of those who were kind, and deserving. His test was to plead for aid and often he was turned away from the door. This story led to alms giving on Christmas Eve and it was rare that a beggar was refused.

WEXFORD CAROL

Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep
Their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep;
Two whom God's angels did appear,
Which put the shepherds in great fear,
"Prepare and go," the angels said,
"To Bethelehem, be not afraid;
For there you'll find this happy morn,
A princely babe, sweet Jesus born."



Extremely Popular

During an outbreak of street and studio violence in a Hollywood film strike, some pickets were congesting pedestrian traffic when a famed and conceited movie star arrived in his limousine. Seeing the mob holding picket signs, he hammed: "Oh, heavens! NOW look what they want me to autograph!"

Wasting His Time

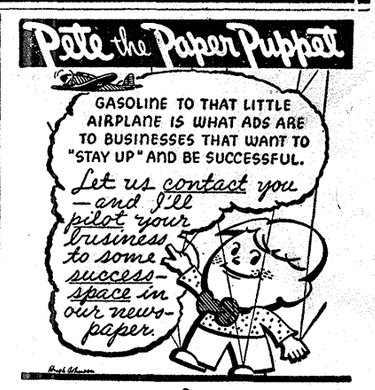
Teacher—Now, Robert, what are you doing—learning something?

Robert—No sir; I'm listening to you.

Round and Round

Jobyna—Last night Jim tried to put his arm around me three times.

Tatiana—Some arm, I say!



Don't you know you should always giv half of the road to a woman driver?"

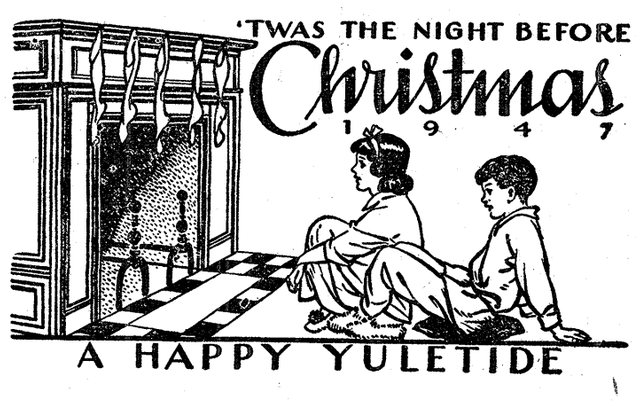
"I do when I find out what half she wants."



AT CHRISTMAS TIME

more than at any other season, people feel friendly. It's in the very air. In this spirit, then, we offer you our best wishes for a very Merry Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Clark
CLOVER FARM STORE



WE WISH YOU
AT CHRISTMAS
MANY HAPPY HOURS
AND TRUST
WE MAY SERVE YOU
IN THE FUTURE.

Home Modernizing Co.



● At Christmastime we greet good friends. If 'neath our roof you've rested, come again and be refreshed. If you have never crossed our threshold, visit us in the months ahead. To one and all we say,

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Milton Meredith

Deer Harvest Equal to Last Year's Crop

Nonresident deer hunters had left the north woods to a few local hunters by Thanksgiving day, but even with the early breakup of the camps, the deer "harvest" appeared comparable to last year's in conservation department records.

When only a few days of the season were left, permits to take deer through Wisconsin totalled 1,064 compared with 786 on the same date a year ago; Drummond Island's deer yield was 500, compared with 452 to the same date last year; and 8,955 deer were brought across the straits, compared with 8,657 to the same day in 1946.

Bears alone showed a decided decrease in conservation department tallies. In spite of the increase in bear numbers indicated by summer and fall bear damage complaints, only 152 were recorded at the straits this year compared with 234 in the same period a year ago.

One technical explanation holds that not weather, but the bears' feeding and body fat determine the date of hibernation. Some hunters, noting hte heavy kill in the mild season of '46 and the lighter kill in the cold season of '47, are sticking to the idea that weather does drive bears into their winter hideouts.

Urge Hunters to Send in Kill Reports

Deer hunters, and small game hunters who have put their guns away for the season, are reminded by the conservation department that it is none too soon to send in those game kill report cards.

A game kill report card is issued to each hunter and trapper as part of the hunting or trapping license. It must be separated from the license along a perforation, filled out and mailed with a one-cent stamp. It must be mailed sometime before February 15, but conservation department men urge early mailing, so an early start may be made analyzing the reports through card punching and sorting machines.

When broken down by counties, the game production figures are of considerable local interest, and the broad trends in the production of pheasants, rabbits, squirrels, deer and so forth are of considerable significance in drawing up the next season's dates and bag limits.

Porcupines are notorious for their "salt tooth." Their gnawing of ax handles, aluminum pots and other articles with a trace of salt sometimes causes havoc in vacant backwoods cabins.

Try Herald Want Ads for Results!



Greetings at CHRISTMAS

☆

And when the day is gone
Our wishes for our friends
Continue on and on and on!

RAINBOW CITY
BAKERY and GRILL
JIM ST. ARNO - CHARLES GOUIN
Phone 210-M — Intersection of M66 and M32



● We wish we could send a gift to each of you in appreciation of your confidence and friendliness during the past year. Instead, however, we must content ourselves with extending the simple wish that you may enjoy the best life has to offer now and in the months to come.

Jenkin's Printing Service

To All Friends and Benefactors . . .

May this season be the happiest you have ever known and your New Year one of happiness and prosperity showered with God's choicest blessings.

★ ★ ★

Rev. Joseph Malinowski





St. Nicholas

WISHES A MERRY YULETIDE TO ALL

Of Course you believe in Santy!... But even if you don't right now, the chances are ten to one that at one time in your career — the short pants or long curls stage — there was no doubt in your mind that there was a Santa Claus. You not only believed in him but you were in awe of him!

Santa Claus was a short roly-poly gentleman habitually clad in red with flowing white beard. He drove through the world Christmas Eve in a heavily-laden sleigh drawn by eight dashing reindeer.

It's a beautiful old myth — as much a part of the joyous Christmas season as is our annual wish for a Merry Yuletide for you and yours!

EAST JORDAN CANNING CO.



Once again the joyous spell of Christmas is cast over us, as we hurry about with gifts for those we love. That warm glow we get from giving at this holy season cannot be duplicated at any other time of the year. It is our sincere wish that a full measure of happiness may be yours, this Christmas of 1947.

C. G. ISAMAN



Time To Be Happy!

Christmastide is the one time in the year when we should all be as happy as a boy with a bright new sled. So let's light up our faces and our hearts when we light up our trees, and here's wishing for you and your family the happiest Christmas you've ever had.

Al. Thorsen Lumber Co.



In This Joyous Season of Christmas

we want to renew all our old friendships, want each of you to feel your importance to us, and to realize that without you the story would have been quite different.

A very Merry Christmas to all of you, friendly people of this community!

Taylor's West Side Market
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taylor

SHORT STORY

The Rebel Leaves at One

By MARION WALLS

"IT ISN'T that I don't love you, Stan! I want to do something else before I settle down to marriage—I want to learn how to design, I—oh, what's the use! You won't understand it."

Reaching up, Stan broke off a twig from the chinaberry tree. "No, I guess I can't," he admitted. "I guess I belong to the old-fashioned school which thinks marriage means everything to a girl."

The girl touched his arm. "I do love you, Stan; and I want to marry you. But not now, I want to amount to something first, be somebody."

Unexpectedly, she laid a swift kiss upon his cheek. "Run along back to your farm, dear," she advised. "The Rebel leaves at one in the morning and I must finish packing. But I'll be looking for you tonight."

Anita raced up the steps to her room on the second floor of Mrs. Petrilla's boarding house. It was several hours later that Mrs. Petrilla called: "Miss Davileno! Telephone! And hurry, please."

3-Minute Fiction

Fuming, Anita disconnected the iron. She had no time for idle conversations this day. "Hello—Stan?" Her breath quickened.

"Anita, can you help me out for a little while? Katja's boy, Ben, cut himself with an axe and Joe had to take him to the hospital. Mom's still in bed, and that leaves me in a jam—Katja's baby is here to tend to. Jim Haggerty said he could bring you out."

Anita's response was immediate. "Sure, I'll come. Tell Jim I'll be ready in 15 minutes."

Anita was relieved when Jim's truck turned into the Dusak's drive. Stan was sitting on the porch holding the baby.

With a relieved smile, he laid the child in Anita's arms. "He's teething, the little rascal won't let you put him down."

"Run along," she encouraged. "I'll put the baby to sleep."

Going into the house, Anita put the child to bed and went in to see about Stan's mother. She was sleeping, sunshine spraying across the quilt. Drawing the shades, Anita went out noiselessly.

Anita wandered back into the big room. On the wall hung an oil painting; bold splashes of color about a mill and a rushing brook. Puzzled, Anita was still staring when she heard quick steps upon the porch.

IT WAS Katja, worn but with triumph in her eyes. "Ben's going to be all right!" she cried, taking Anita's hand. "I stopped by and told Stan. How's Mom—and the baby?"

"Your mother is still sleeping," replied Anita softly. Her eyes went again to the painting. "Katja, there's something familiar about



She was in his arms now.

that scene. Where did you get that picture?"

The older woman's eyes went briefly to the wall. "Oh, that's the old mill down near Stonewall. I painted it one summer. Let's have a bit of tea—I need a pick-up."

In amazement, Anita said: "You painted this! Why, Katja, it's beautiful." Following the other woman into the kitchen, she probed: "Katja, it's a shame you didn't try to develop your talent. You might have created something beautiful for all the world to see!"

Katja was thoughtful. "I'll admit that in the beginning, I did wonder . . . but after Joe and I were married . . . no, Anita, I'm never sorry any more."

Stan came tramping up the steps. "Say, I'm no tea drinker," he called, "but you can pour me a cup now."

Leaning against the cupboard, he said to Anita: "I can run you back to town now that Katja has come."

"There's no hurry," she said, not looking at him.

"But your packing—and the Rebel leaves at one," he reminded her.

She smiled. "Maybe some rebels just start to leave, Stan, and don't ever really go."

She was in his arms now. Katja had left them but it was to Katja she was really speaking when she whispered, her mouth against his, "I'll never be sorry any more."

Released by WNU Features.

To "Log" Swamps for Starved Deer Herds

Tops of cedars logged from the swamps long have been an important supplement of the deer herd's winter food supply. This winter, under the timber sale program being developed by the conservation department's forestry division, some cedar will become available where and when the need in the state forests is expected to be greatest.

Some 30 cutting permits on state-owned lands in deeryards are now in effect, and as many more are being prepared for auctioning among operators soon. Cutting under these permits is restricted to the months of December, January, February and March. In addition to the timber involved in formal sales, a number of small plots have been located in each district, where emergency cuttings may be made if the deer food shortage should become critical.

Still in progress is a detailed inventory of the timber stands on all state forest lands. When the inventory is completed for swamp species, cutting plans may be made as much as five years in advance, and cutting areas so spaced that the cutting will be economical for the operator, an improvement to the timber stand, and a dependable food supply for the deer when it is most needed.

Read the fabulous love story of the prince who married the daughter of a poor English clerk. See "Modern Arabian Nights" in The American Weekly, the great magazine distributed with SUNDAY'S CHICAGO HERALD-AMERICAN.



• Now, when Santa Claus is so busy making children happy and dispensing cheer all over the world, we want to extend a warm and friendly greeting to our friends. Accept our very best wishes for a Christmas season of unalloyed joy and happiness.

★ ★ ★

Cal's Place



ANOTHER YEAR has passed. Again glad bells are pealing out the Christmas story. Happy children and parents are planning for the day in the glorious old-fashioned way. Everyone is thrilled by the magic spell of Christmas for they know the spirit of the Christ Child is in the land.

While glad bells peal out, while children make merry, while carols are being sung and the Christmas story is being told and retold, we join in the joyous occasion by expressing best wishes for a

Merry Christmas to each and every one

East Jordan Co-operative Co.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

May the spirit
of the First Christmas
gladden your hearts
this
Christmas season

G. W. Bechtold, D. D. S.



A star in the sky

a light in the window, and hope in the heart! It's Christmas again, good folks of this community . . . the season when even strangers nod at you and smile. So we are sending you these wishes for Christmas cheer and happiness in your home.

Streeter's Shoe Shop

Merry CHRISTMAS
1 9 4 7
BEST WISHES and GREETINGS

In weal or woe, under all conditions, the cheery Merry Christmas comes to the surface. It's natural in mankind. Everyone appreciates a hearty Yuletide greeting—and so, to all our friends, we add our wish for a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

★ ★ ★

Sommerville's Grocery

SHORT STORY

A Perfect Alibi

By ANN HARRIS

"BUT, sergeant," Gilson insisted, "last night at midnight I was home in bed. He—" pointing to a pompous individual sitting near, "he didn't see me at that hour. He couldn't, unless he was up in my room."

The other sneered. "Yeah," he said, "you were home in bed. Your ghost, I suppose, was walking about at midnight."

The sergeant raised his hand for silence. He had known Frank Gilson, whom he was questioning with regard to a burglary of the night before, as a quiet family man, employed as a mill accountant for a number of years, and always honest and trustworthy. He was loath to believe that Gilson had now turned to burglary, breaking into a hardware store, cracking the safe and robbing it of $2,000.

3-Minute Fiction

The mills, however, had been closed for nearly six months, and Gilson may have been driven to theft through need. He had a family to provide for.

Although Howard Crossley, the pompous one who claimed to have seen Gilson fleeing from the vicinity of the store at midnight, was a newcomer to the town, yet he was respected by all who knew him.

The sergeant knitted his brows. It was a case of mistaken identity he felt sure.

"Maybe," Gilson spoke up, "Maybe he robbed the safe himself."

"What!" Crossley shouted. "How dare you intimate that I would do such a thing?"

"Why did you say that?" the sergeant asked Gilson.

"Well," Gilson replied slowly, "one day last week I saw him examining the back windows of the store. He noticed, too, that I was watching him. That is why he is now accusing me. It was through the back windows you say the burglars got in."

Crossley sprang to his feet. "You lie," he cried hoarsely, "you never saw me near the windows."

THE sergeant told him to be quiet. Crossley apologized.

"Now the man you saw near the store," the sergeant asked Crossley, "you are sure was Gilson? Perhaps you made a mistake."

"I made no mistakes," Crossley replied firmly. "It was he."

"Tell us again just how you came to be there at the time, and saw Gilson coming away."

"As I said before," he began, "I had been at my office all evening. It was nearly midnight when I left. I walked down Main street, intending to go to the restaurant.

"At the corner of Main and Pine streets, where the store is, I turned into Pine. The restaurant where I usually lunch is at the other end. When about in the middle of the block I noticed a man slinking close



"He was slinking close to the building."

to the building, occasionally looking backwards over his shoulder. When he caught sight of me he jerked his arm up and pulled his hat down over the side of his face, the side closest to me—the right side. I had already recognized him, though. It was Gilson."

"What did you do after that?" the sergeant asked.

Crossley continued, "From the man's actions I suspected that something was wrong and started to hunt for the constable."

"You positively identify Gilson as the person you saw?"

"I do. I saw his face clearly before he pulled his hat down."

All the while Crossley was speaking, Gilson was listening attentively. "You say," he asked finally, "that I pulled my hat down over my face and ran back? How could I see where to run with my face covered?"

"I didn't say you covered your whole face," Crossley snapped. "I said the right side. Your left eye was open and I guess you could see with that."

"What are you laughing at, Gilson?" the sergeant broke in. "Unless you can prove where you were last night, it may go hard with you."

Gilson made no reply but took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully. Suddenly he pulled his left eye out of its socket and handed it to the sergeant.

The eye was glass.

Released by WNU Features.



THE QUIET JOYS OF HOME AND FIRESIDE

. . . the family gathered around the heavily-laden table . . . turkey and dressing, mince and pumpkin pies . . . the Christmas tree with its tinsel . . . the toys beneath . . . May you enjoy these deep sweet pleasures this Christmas of 1947.

W. A. Porter Hardware



● Again gay carols ring out with their cheery message of holiday joy.

● In the old, old spirit of Christmas, voices of the carolers echo the message of ". . . tidings of great joy." Thus, too, do we join the carolers in wishing for you the blessed gifts of Peace on Earth, Joy, Good Will to Men.

Benson's Hi-Speed Service

WANT ADS
"OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS HERE"

WANTED

WANTED — Scrap Iron and Sheet Metal delivered to our yard, or will call for. — H. C. DURANT, East Jordan, Mich., R. 1. 1¼ miles east of Chestonia. 50x4

WANTED REALESTATE, Especially Farms. The old reliable Strout Agency. — WM. F. TINDALL, Broker, Boyne City. Write or phone and we will call. 5-tf

FOR SALE — MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE — Sectional glass door bookcase. — Inquire at DR. SAVORY'S office. 51-2

FRESH BAKED GOODS, daily, made by the Rainbow City Bakery and Grill, at SHAW'S FOOD MARKET. 50-tf

WOOD — Green Mill Wood For Sale, $15.00 per load delivered. — M. C. BRICKER & SONS, phone 264-F31, Boyne City, or write J. H. Bricker, R. 3, Boyne City 46-tf

WIRING SUPPLIES — Complete assortment on hand including metal and porcelain switch and outlet boxes, duplex recepticals, Romex wire, all sizes. Porcelain Recepticals — pull chain and keyless types. — SHERMAN'S FIRESTONE STORE, E. Jordan. 40-tf

FOR SALE — MISCELLANEOUS

IN STOCK — A quantity of 10x15 Metal Clasp Envelopes for sale at 5c each at THE HERALD Office. East Jordan. 37atf

FOR SALE — 1936 Chevrolet 2-door. Heater, defroster, good tires. Reasonable price. HOWARD YOUNG, R. 1, opposite Fairgrounds. 51x2

RADIO SERVICE — Complete radio service at BOB'S RADIO & APPLIANCE in Firestone Bldg. Can repair all makes radios. Now is the time to get ready for winter. 43-tf

WOOD AND METAL SHOP—Lathe and Jig saw work, saw gumming. Drill grinding, etc. DARUS SHAW, 301 Bridge St. West Side, East Jordan. 47x13

AM NOW READY to service all electrical appliances. Will repair bicycles. — BOB'S RADIO AND APPLIANCE SERVICE. In Firestone Bldg. 38-tf

CUPBOARDS, Knick-Knack Shelves, and other special furniture made to your order. Band Saw and shape work. Welding, acetylene and arc. Brazing and soldering. — HARVEY'S SHOP, Water St., West of M-66, East Jordan. 45x10

FOR SALE — MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE — Delicious Apples. — ROY WHITLOW on John Rude farm. 47x9

FOR SALE — Two new Nobby Tread Tires, 6:50x15. May be seen at FIRESTONE STORE. $25.00 pair. 52a1

FOR SALE — Two Holstein heifers, to freshen soon. — AUGUST KNOP, R. 1, phone 286-F3, Boyne City. 52x1

FOR SALE — Loose hay, approximately 14 ton. Wish to sell all to one buyer. — FRANK ATKINSON, R. 1. 52x2

FOR SALE — Air Compresser, 3 1|2 cu. ft. Set Dual Truck Chains. 7:50x20, both new. — ROBERT EVANS, JR., Rt. 3. 51x3

FOR SALE — Mossberg DeLuxe 22 automatic rifle. Peep sight, sling and ammunition. $35.00. — RON. COOLEY, R. 3, East Jordan. 52x2

FOR SALE — Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator, 7½ cubic foot, recently overhauled. $90.00 cash. Phone 70, 605 Main. — M. R. CROWELL -1

FOR SALE — 1933 2-door Pontiac straight 8. Also heavy duty log Trailer complete with very good tires size 9:00 x 20 10 ply. Brakes are vacuum hydraulic. Also have a good loading jammer to be used with trailer. — HENRY DURANT. East Jordan, R. 1, 1¼ miles east of Chestonia. 52-2

Woman of 81 Knits 45 Pairs of Mittens for Grand Rapids Santa Girls

Skill Mrs. Thomas Bartholomew learned more than 60 years ago when, on a farm near East Jordan, her mother taught her to knit for the men of the family who worked in the lumber camps, has come into play this fall for the Grand Rapids Herald's Santa Claus Girls.

Mrs. Bartholomew, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. Roscoe G. Mackey, 621 College Ave., S. E., presented The Herald Santa Claus Girls with 45 pairs of mittens beautifully knit in assorted sizes and colors.

Mrs. Bartholomew is 81 years old and was reared on a farm seven miles from East Jordan, where her mother spun yarn from their own sheep. She has knitted ever since and having grand children and great grand children of her own, knows how important an article mittens are in a young person's wardrobe.

She can knit a pair a day but admits she likes to work a little more slowly. She started to knit for the Herald Santa Claus Girls about Sept. 1st.

SCARF BEST BUY FOR NEW LOOK

Just the thing to give the new look to an old costume is a silk scarf. It may be printed or plain, large or small in almost any color you choose.

Elinor Roth, of the textile, clothing and related arts department at Michigan State college, suggests the 36-inch square which adds much to a costume and is new. Try using it at your throat or waistline.

Tied properly, the scarf can become the front of a blouse with a suit. It can be folded into a slender strip, wrapped close about the throat and tied so that the ends fluff out in front to add a dash of color to a suit or dress. It can be used as a belt. Or you can fold it in a triangle and tie it at the waistline. Let the point of triangle fall over one hip and tie the ends over the other. It will give a new look to a basic black dess.

HOLLYWOOD HEAVEN FOR ORPHANS

Behind Hollywood's glamour and tinsel is a warmly human story of family life. Meet the stars and their adopted youngsters in "Hollywood---Heaven for Orphans", one of a wealth of informative and intriguing features in that favorite magazine, The American Weekly, with this Sunday's (December 28) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times.

Try Herald Want Ads for Results!

PENINSULA...
(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Four below zero both Thursday and Friday morning.

Mrs. Leo McGee, formerly Miss Luella Sweet of Peninsula, but more recently of Muskegon, has moved with her family to Traverse City.

The Birthday Club met with Mrs. Orvel Bennett, Friday afternoon, with six members present. They spent a very pleasant afternoon.

Master Herman Hayden of Mancelona is spending part of his Christmas vacation with grandma Hayden at Orchard Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Lance Russ of Lake Shore Dr. were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Capelin in Boyne City.

Orla Robinson and his man of the East Jordan - Advance road, and Arthur and Curtis Nicloy of Sunny Slopes farm buzzed wood for Cash Hayden Saturday afternoon.

Mr. D. A. Hayden Sr. and sons D. A. Hayden Jr. and Wesley Hayden of Melrose Twp. spent a pleasant hour at Orchard Hill Friday afternoon.

Mrs. F. D. Russell of Ridgeway farms, who has been very ill for several months at her home, is now staying with her daughter, Mrs. Sam Kamradt and family at Traverse City so as to be nearer medical help.

It is interesting to learn Mrs. Marie Howe, formerly of Overlook Farm, but more recently of Boyne City, is now stopping with her sisters, Mrs. Emma VanAllsburg and Mrs. Minnie Meryfield in Detroit. She is a great sufferer from arthritis.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald of Three Bells Dist. observed their 48th wedding anniversary at their home Dec. 20. Their older son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey McDonald and two daughters, Joan and Jean of Mountain Dist. had dinner with them. The rest of the family are daughter Miss Dorothy and son Mac.

The Star Sunday School held their program and Christmas tree at the Community building at 2 o'clock, Sunday, Dec. 21, with a fine program and a very good crowd, forty-one to be exact. The school is kept going by Miss Dorothy McDonald of Three Bells Dist. Rev. and Mrs. Hastings and Mr. and Mrs. John Seiler and son Parker was present and helped with the program. After the program, gifts, popcorn, nuts and candy were passed to all present. While in quest of a Christmas tree, Kenneth Staley, Miss Arlene Hayden and Miss Loraine Zitler of Charlevoix spent some time with the crowd at the Community Building.

Try Herald Want Ads for Results!



• WE ARE THE WORLD'S MOST INVENTIVE RACE—AND YET WE HAVEN'T FOUND A NEW WAY OF SAYING "MERRY CHRISTMAS." MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL!

• IN ANY EVENT, WE CAN PHRASE NO BETTER MESSAGE FOR THIS JOYOUS SEASON THAN THAT ANCIENT WISH.

Jordan Valley Co-op. Crm'y



Year after year we have been wishing our friends a Merry Christmas, each year hoping to make our message a little warmer, a little more personal.

It is with some such thought as this that we now add this "Merry Christmas" to the many that have gone before, with the hope that it will find you abundantly blessed with everything that the magic wand of Christmas can bestow.

Edna-Mae Beauty Salon
Mrs. Floy Taylor, Prop'r

Merry Christmas To All
and
Kindest Wishes for
the
New Year!

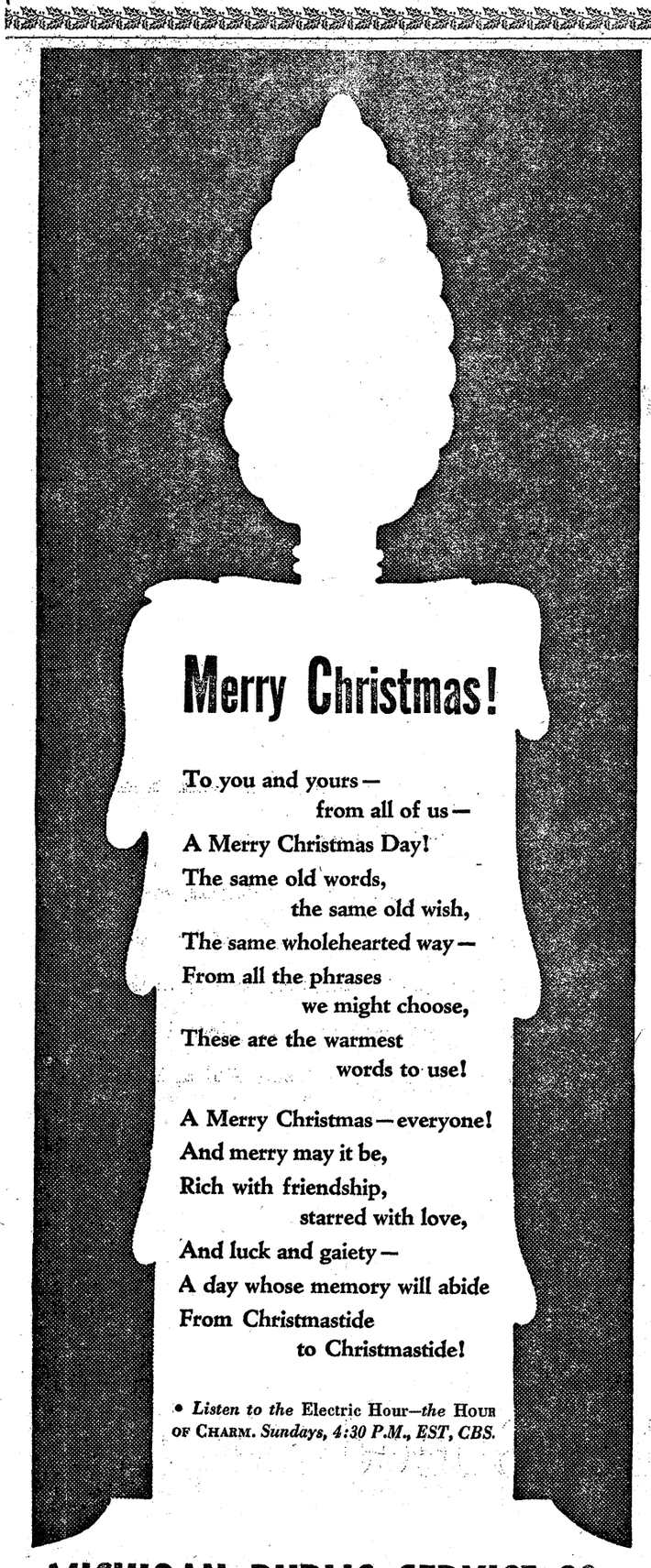
—★—

DORIS and BILL HUCKLE
DORIS MEREDITH STUDIO
306 Second St. — East Jordan

Retirement DOLLAR$

. . . can be guaranteed by arranging your present life insurance properly. Ask about "Insured Income" Service.

OSCAR A. CARLSON
118 S. Illinois, Gaylord, Mich.
Representing THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK



MICHIGAN PUBLIC SERVICE CO.



Greetings and Sincere Good Wishes

For Your Health and Happiness
At Christmas Time
and for the New Year

FOR SALE

East Jordan. 5 room bungalow, city water, new roof, good paint, built-in cupboards. $2,800.

East Jordan. 6 rooms and bath. Furnished. Garage adjoining lot.

East Jordan. 6 rooms and bath, full basement, furnace.

East Jordan. 7 room, full basement, bath, garage, small barn, with 10 acres. $4,800.

East Jordan. 8 rooms, 2 family, garage, large lot, trees, and garden spot. House in good repair. $3,200.

160 acre farm near city limits. Good soil and buildings.

Plymouth Real Estate
Phone:
E. Jordan 69-W Charlevoix 263
K. DRESSEL, Rep.



Old Fashioned Christmas Greetings

For us oldsters, it is memory that makes up Christmas—memories of the old days when grandma managed the Christmas feast, and friends dropped in for a chat.

We are happy to say that among our most treasured memories are the many Christmas celebrations we have seen come and go, and the friends we have kept with us during all the years. A Merry Christmas to all of you!

Ellsworth Lumber Co.
Ellsworth, Mich.



MERRY MERRY Christmas

MAY TRUE
HAPPINESS
IN ALL ITS
FULLNESS
BE YOURS THIS
CHRISTMASTIME

The Watsons



Christmas GREETINGS

JOYOUS
YULETIDE

Here's wishing that the light of the season's cheer will glow through all you do, adding greatly to your Christmas happiness.

Jan's Dairy Bar

LOCAL NEWS

The Ladies Get-together Club of North Echo will meet with Mrs. Dora Edson on Thursday, Jan. 8.

Ed Weldy has returned to his home from Charlevoix hospital where he was a surgical patient.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Maxwell and family are spending the holiday week with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs Maud Kenny is spending the Christmas week with her sons and families in Pontiac.

Ransom Jones is visiting relatives in Muskegon and will spend the holidays there.

Jim Barr of Manistee was guest over the week end of Murial Kadrovich.

Your copy of Michigan Fish Law Digest-1948-has been received and may be obtained by calling at The Herald office.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vance of Daytona Beach, Florida, are spending the holidays visiting their son, Maurice Vance and family, on the West side.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Drenth's names were omitted with those who attended the wedding of his brother, Lester Drenth, in Jerseyville, Ill., Dec. 5.

Murial Kadrovich is spending Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Galmore, from Beaverton where she is teaching.

Mr. and Mrs. John Downing left Saturday to spend the holiday with the latters parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Welsh, at Conshokochen, Pa.

Wm and Charles Saxton, Students at Alma College, are spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Saxton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watson of Birmingham are spending their holiday vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Drenth returned, Thursday, from their wedding trip and are living in their home on North Main St.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Montroy are spending the week with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hipp in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Walker of Ithaca, N. Y., are spending their holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McKinnon announce the arrival of a son, James Calvin, at Charlevoix hospital, Friday, Dec. 19.

Leland Hickox, a student at M.S.C., is spending his holiday vacation with his family and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Hickox.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Montroy went to Detroit, Sunday, to spend the week with their sons' and daughter's families.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Washburn of East Jordan announce the birth of a daughter, Dec., 14, at Lockwood hospital.

Lester Kolien, havinb sailed the Great Lakes for a few months,returned to his home to spend his vacation.

Having been a patient at the hospital in Ann Arbor for observation, Rose Mary Edgar has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Saxton of Midland spent the week end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Saxton.

Patricia Simmons is spending her holiday vacation in Detroit with her brother, Harry Simmons, Jr., and family also with her brother, Gerald and family, in Pontiac.

Katherine Blossie spent the week end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Albert Blossie. Katherine is taking nurses training at Grace Hospital Detroit, she returned this Tuesday.

The Sunshine Extension Club met Thursday evening, Dec. 11, at the home of Mrs. Idora Bussler. Nine members were present and one visitor. After the business meeting, the lesson on adolescense adjustment was given out and a round table discussion followed. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Bernadine Brown Thursday evening, Jan. 15, at 7:00.

BIDS WANTED

Wanted closed bids on G.M.C. 1931, 3 ton hyd. dump truck wih scraper blade 3 yard box.

Ford 1932, ton hyd. dump 1 ½ yard box.

Closing date on bids 4:00 P.M. January 5, 1948. The City of Boyne City will have the right to reject any or all bids.

Lyle W. Ross
City Clerk
52-1 Boyne City, Michigan

Office Boy (nervously): "Please sir, I think you're wanted on the phone."

Boss: "You think, aren't you sure?"

OB: "Well sir, the voice on the other end said "Hello, is that you, you old wind bag?"

Marvin McDaniels is spending a few days with his family in Paw Paw.

Mrs. Lela Hart is spending this week with relatives in Lansing.

Mrs. Mose Hart returned home, Thursday, from Little Traverse hospital where she was a surgical patient.

Donna Holland is a patient at Little Traverse hospital, having undergone appendectomy, Saturday.

Paul Greer of Freemont spent the week end with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. O.C. Burull.

Mrs. Lena Holland of Petoskey is spending the winter with her father, Geo Murray, on the West Side.

Mrs. Ole Hegerberg returned home, Thursday, after spending the week visiting relatives in Muskegon.

Mrs. Florence Stiles has discontinued her Beauty Shoppe and moved her Equipment to Lowell. She left the city, Thursday. Ira Bartlett moved her goods.

Col. and Mrs. R. F. Nichols, Jr., of Offutt Field, Ft. Crook, Neb., arrived Friday to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Clark.

Lewis Milliman returned to his home, Friday, after spending 2 weeks visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Milliman, at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Persons and sons Sam and Glen are spending Christmas with their son, James and family, and their daughter, Mrs. Earl Taylor and family, in Muskegon and Cedar Springs.

John Whiteford, Mrs. Gladys McKinnon and Clifford Bradshaw attended the funeral, Monday, of Mrs. Margaret Gunton at Mt Pleasant. Mrs. Gunton was a sister of the late Mrs. John Whiteford.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dresen of Muskegon announce the arrival of a daughter, Kathleen Ann. Dec. 1. Mrs. Dresen before her marriage was Miss Virginia Davis grand daughter of Mrs. A. Kenny.

The Zions League of the L.D.S. Church had charge of the Sunday evening service and entertained with a play. "What is the matter with Christmas". After the service they held their Christmas party in the church parlor.

Students attending C.M.C. at Mt. Pleasant who are spending their Christmas vacation with their parents in the city are — Jean Simmons, Florence Rogers, David Wade, Frances Sommerville, Iris Petre, Marion Thomas and Rolland Woodcock.

The Norwegan Ladies Aid met with Mrs. Ed Kamradt Thursday, Dec.18. They held a Christmas party and exchanged gifts. At the business session Election of officers was held as follows: — President, Mrs. Ed Kamradt; Vice President, Mrs. Merle Thompson; Secretary, Mrs. Ida Kinsey; Treasurer, Mrs. Don Hott.

Vern Whiteford and Theo Scott went to Kalamazoo, Friday, to meet their daughters, Ann Whiteford and Betty Scott and a friend Kathyrn Aki, from the Hawaiian Islands. The girls are students of Graceland College in Lamoni, Iowa, and will spend two weeks vacation with their parents.



Greetings FRIENDS OLD and NEW 1947

May
this Christmas bring
happiness as true,
as that
we have known
in our relations
with you!

★ ★ ★

Ernest Kopkau



Spirit of Christmas

CHRISTMAS IS HERE!

It's in the music of the cherished carols hovering like a benediction over the bustling crowds.

Time for us to send you our best wishes for the happiest Christmas you have ever known.

★

Lakeside Lunch

With every good wish



for Christmas Cheer

and

New Year Happiness!



Christmas! No vaunting phrases can truly carry the meaning of that word, no marching adjectives picture its fulfillment. Its being and expression must ever lie in the simple words of the prophets, in the unpretentious but meaningful phrases of the Man of Galilee:

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

THE QUALITY FOOD MARKET



To you and yours this Yuletide season,

we extend our sincere good wishes

for a Merry Christmas.

A Christmas of joy and contentment;

of peace, good cheer and happiness—

that is ouf wish for you

this joyous holiday season.

Norm's Tavern



While angels hovered overhead,
the Star of Bethlehem guided
the Three Wise Men
to the Manger at Bethlehem.
We cannot offer you their gifts
of gold, frankincense and myrrh.
Our gift must be restricted
to the old, but heartfelt wish
for all the joys and blessings
of the Yuletide season.

Gidley's Drug Store

SHORT STORY

The Runaway Boy

By SHIRLEY RAY

SOMEONE was coming down the stairs. The still and darkened house seemed to amplify each soft footfall to Rhoda who hoped the sound of her own breathing would not give her away.

Now the steps, still guarded and cautious, were in the hall, and then only a few feet from where she stood. There was the sound of a hand on the doorknob and the door swung open. A small form slid past her. The door closed again and the sudden return of darkness stirred Rhoda into action. She grasped the knob and flung the door open.

3-Minute Fiction

"Where are you going, Jimmy?" she asked sharply.

The small boy stared at her from the bottom step. He lowered his eyes and scraped the toe of his shoe in the soft dirt.

"Going away," he mumbled.

"Come sit down, Jimmy," she said. "We may as well have a good-bye talk."

Jimmy sat next to her, his bundle in his lap.

"Now," said Rhoda, "where are you going?"

"Going to hitchhike to the city." His eyes met Rhoda's for the first time. "Pinky Duggan hitchhikes all over," he informed her.

"Pinky Duggan?" she repeated.

"You know Pinky's mother," Jimmy said.

"Oh, yes, I know," Rhoda replied.

"Pinky lives in the city. He goes to the movies every night," Jimmy continued. "In this old town we have only one movie."

RHODA was thinking of saying exactly the same thing to Jimmy's father that Jimmy was now saying to her.

"There's nothing to do in this small town, Jim. We don't even have a choice of two movies."

His voice filled with enthusiasm, Jimmy went on.

"There are tall buildings and big electric signs that go on and off and double-deck buses and everything in the city."

"I tell you, Jim, this pokey town drives me crazy. I'm used to the city. I like the bright lights and the traffic and the noise!"

"Pinky says only jerks live in a town like this," Jimmy declared.

"I can feel the hayseed sticking out all over me. I saw Kay Duggan today—we used to work together in the city—and I realized what a bumpkin I am."

Rhoda sighed. "Yes, Jimmy, the city is nice." She felt helpless. She was this boy's mother. She should know what to say, what to do. But she was at a loss for words.

There was a long silence.

"Mom, Pop doesn't let me do anything."

"Jim, I'm not old. I want to go places, do things, get out of this rut."

Jimmy reached into his pocket and brought forth two shiny cubes.



"I tell you, Jim, this pokey town drives me crazy."

"Look, Mom. Pinky swapped 'em for my Boy Scout knife."

MAYBE it was the sudden chill in the breeze. Maybe it was the sight of the white dice in the small hand. Suddenly Rhoda did not feel helpless any more.

"Jimmy," she said, "I used to live in the city in an apartment, the same kind that Pinky Duggan lives in now. There are lots of families in one big building. You can't run through the house or turn the radio on loud or make any noise. You can't even have a dog, Jimmy."

His eyes were wide.

"No dogs, Jimmy. And you can't play ball in the streets because they're too full of cars."

"And no dog?" the boy repeated.

The two sat in silence. The night was bright but not cold. There was a half moon and a few scattered but bright stars. At last the little boy rose and started up the stairs.

"Still going to the city, Jimmy?"

"I guess not, Mom."

Rhoda sat for a long time. Then she got up and went into the house. Her hand groped in the darkness until it grasped the handle of a suitcase. She was glad that Jimmy hadn't asked her why she was up, fully dressed, at this hour of the night.

Released by WNU Features.

Trout Hatching Now Underway

Eggs for next season's trout production are now arriving in conservation department fish hatcheries, and the goal again next year, as in recent seasons, is the planting of one million legal size (seven-inch or larger) fish.

Production of one million legal size brook, brown and rainbow trout requires use of full capacity of the state's present hatchery and rearing station system, and while in some seasons the plantings have come to within 25,000 to 50,000 of the mark, the full million goal has yet to be achieved.

Brown trout egg production is concentrated at the Paris hatchery, where hatcherymen have just finished taking 1,625,000 green eggs that should yield between a million and a quarter and a million and a half eyed eggs. Once in the eyed stage, most will be shipped to other stations for hatching and rearing.

Rainbow trout eggs are now being taken at Harrietta hatchery. About 200,000 have been taken to date, and the taking of rainbow eggs will continue past the first of the year.

Brook trout eggs are being purchased, as usual, from eastern commercial hatcheries. Of the 2,000,000 ordered, 1,250,000 already have been shipped.

Eight state hatcheries — Waters-Grayling, Harrietta, Paris and Wolf meet, Marquette, Thompson, Oden, Lake—handle trout in the early stages of development. Later the other hatcheries and the rearing stations help bring the fish to the proper size for stocking in trout streams and trout lakes.

A cub reporter was told to cut his stories to the bare essentials. He submitted the following: "John Smith looked up the elevator shaft to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. He would have been thirty-five next August.



Teacher: "What is the 'Order of the Bath'?"

Pupil: "Pa, us kids and the hired girl."



A JOLLY Christmas

★ No matter what the language the spirit of Christmas is the same everywhere . . . in France, in Holland, in Sweden . . . and in the good old U. S. A. As you celebrate this joyous season in spiritual companionship with people of good will all over the world, it is our hope that this Christmas of 1947 will be the merriest you have ever enjoyed.

FRANKLIN'S
SUPER SERVICE



JUST A FRIENDLY WAY
OF EXPRESSING
TO YOU OUR MOST
SINCERE GOOD WISHES
FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS
AND THAT IT
MAY BE
AN ESPECIALLY JOYOUS
ONE FOR YOU.

★

DeForest Toggery



TIME TO HANG UP YOUR STOCKING!

Whether it's Santa Claus, Kris Kringle or Father Christmas, let us hail the patron saint of children on this day of days.

Christmas is the season that, above all others, turns the thoughts of mankind back to the all-enveloping innocence of childhood—away from the pure selfishness and commercialism of the every-day world towards the joys of giving and sharing.

It is in that true spirit of Christmas that we wish for you all the blessings of this joyous season.

SINCLAIR
SALES and SERVICE



One man — one of many — created a character who in child-like faith and all-embracing love will live through the centuries as the symbol of Christmas.

The man was Charles Dickens; his character was Tiny Tim. And in the words of Tiny Tim, oft-repeated, we'd like to say:

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE"

FRANK PHILLIPS



Never a Christmas morning,
Never an old year ends,
But that someone thinks of
someone—
Old days, old times, old
friends!

Hite Drug Co.

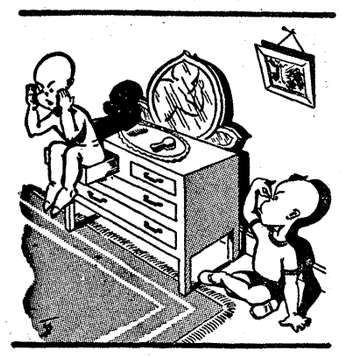


WITH PEACE AND PROSPERITY, WE SHOULD ALL BE HAPPIER THAN EVER THIS YEAR. DURING THE CHRISTMAS SEASON, LET'S TRY TO FORGET OUR CARES. FOR OUR PART, WE WANT TO ADD OUR FELICITATIONS TO THE MANY OTHERS YOU ARE RECEIVING, BY WISHING YOU A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS—THE

Happiest Christmas Ever!

RAINBOW BAR

STUMBLEBUMS



"What did you think of the big fight last night?"

"Fight? Say if me and the missus put on a show like that, the kids would have booed us."

Seize the Chance!

The barmaid was a flirt and when the corporal went out to buy a paper she pursed her lips invitingly and leaned over the bar toward the shy young private. Putting her face against his, she whispered:

"Now's your chance, darling."

The private looked around the empty room. "So it is," he remarked, and promptly drank the corporal's beer.

Distant Danger

An Indiana boy told his teacher that his sister had the measles. The teacher became somewhat excited.

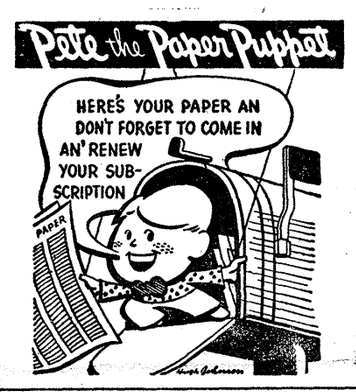
"You go home, Johnny," she said, "and don't come back until your sister is well."

Johnny left in a hurry. After he had gone another boy held up his hand and said, "Teacher, Johnny Dolan's sister what has the measles is in Boston."

Real Ability

Two small boys were discussing the capabilities of their mothers, both active club members. "My mother can talk on just about any subject," the first lad declared proudly.

"Phooey!" hetorted the other. "My mother can talk without any subject at all."



PREDICT FEWER PIGS IN 1948

A smaller hog crop in 1948 than in 1947 seems likely, believes Don Stark, MSC agricultural economist, commenting on next year's farm outlook. Short grain supplies and high prices for grain are likely to keep some farmers from greater pork production.

The specialist advises that hogs now on Michigan farms be finished out. Soft corn or off-grade wheat may be used for this purpose. Marketing at weights around 200 pounds makes more efficient use of grain, but may lower the total production of pork and lard.

Old sows can be disposed of while prices are high and replaced with gilts to farrow next spring. The spring pig crop can then be carried through hte summer on good legume pasture and finished after the 1948 small grain crop is harvested. Feeding specialists say a greater use of protein supplement will decrease the amount of grain needed to feed pigs.

DDT Deposits

DDT deposits on walls, screens, mattresses, rugs, etc., will kill such insects as flies, mosquitoes and bedbugs over a period of several weeks or months.

Kneaded with Feet

The ancient Egyptians kneaded their bread dough with their feet, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The same custom persisted in Scotland for many years.

CLOSING TIME ON THE HERALD

All contributors of copy for your Charlevoix County Herald should endeavor to get same into this office as early in the week of publication as possible.

FRONT PAGE — All articles intended for the first page must be in the office by Tuesday night (6:00 p. m.) to insure publication.

MAT SERVICE — Those having mats for casting MUST have these in the office Tuesday noon for the current week's issue.

LOCALS -- Please phone your local items to No. 35-W where Mrs. Ida Kinsey — who covers these columns — will care for them. These should be in not later than 6 o'clock Wednesday night..

Your Herald publisher is endeavoring to get each week's issue in the mails on Thursday afternoons. Your co-operation in getting news and advertising copy in our hands as early in the week as possible will be greatly appreciated.

Care Needed in 1948 Livestock Business

Less favorable rations of feed costs to livestock prices is the prospect faced by Michigan livestock raisers in 1948, according to MSC animal husbandry specialists and farm economists.

G. A. Brannaman, of the college animal husbandry department, and Don Stark, MSC agricultural economist, point out that great care will be needed in purchasing, feeding and marketing if a profit is to be made in the livestock enterprise.

To help fill out short grain supplies, the specialists suggest increased use of pasture and roughage and use of high protein feeds to balance rations properly.

Prices for livestock, they believe, will remain strong as long as the consumer's income stays high with a resulting large demand for meat.

The total supply of meat in 1948 is expected to run at least seven percent below 1947.

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INCOMING
7 a. m., 2:50 and 5:00 p. m.

OUTGOING
1:40, 2:50 and 5:20 p. m.

Lobby open 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.
Closed all day Sundays.



TALLYHO!

Due to a shortage of reindeer this season we send you our Christmas Greetings in this conventional way!

In this season of gift-giving may we say that your friendship is our choicest gift, and we appreciate it beyond words to express. May your Christmas be a merry one, indeed!

The Dress & Gift Shop
Minnie Webster Des Jardins



Santa is at the throttle and good fellowship has the right of way. Full speed ahead for the

Merriest Christmas
of them all!

Times have changed since we started business in this community many years ago, and we have seen a great many changes. But one thing always remains the same. We continue to serve in the best possible manner the very best people it is possible to serve. We could ask for no finer list of customers, no better group of friends.

And to all of you our entire organization wishes loads of good cheer and a genuine old-fashioned merry Christmas!

State Bank of East Jordan

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G. A. LISK, Editor and Publisher.
Herald Bldg East Jordan, Phone 32

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Dog Tax Notice

Dog license taxes are now due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer. Fees, Male 75c; female, $1.50. If not paid by March 1st, taxes will be returned to the County Treasurer and the fee doubled.

G. E. Freiberg
adv 50-4 City Treasurer.

City Tax Notice

County and School Taxes for the City of East Jordan are now due and payadle at the City Treasurer's office in the City Building.

Please bring your 1947 City tax receipt with you.

G. E. Freiberg
50-4 City Treasurer

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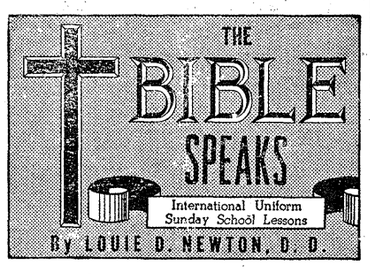
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SCRIPTURE: Jude 24, 25; Revelation 16-22; Matthew 2.
DEVOTIONAL READING: Psalm 145:1-13.

God's Eternal Rule

Lesson for December 28, 1947

THE last Sunday of another year brings us to a very fitting lesson, based on passages of Scripture found in Jude 24, 25, Revelation 16-22, and Matthew 2. The devotional reading is Psalm 145:1-13.



Dr. Newton

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen," Jude 24, 25.

With this benediction, let us pause at the rapidly ebbing shoreline of the departing year, asking the meaning of God's goodness and mercy as reflected in the Christmas season and through all the days of our earthly pilgrimage.

As the Wise Men brought their gifts to the Divine Babe in Bethlehem, let us today wisely appraise his gifts to us during the past year, and examine our hearts to see if we are duly grateful.

* * *

Rich Gifts for Jesus

READ again the second chapter of Matthew, particularly the section which describes how the Wise Men brought their gifts — rare and precious gifts—to the Son of God. They were rich gifts, meaning that they were costly. We dare not bring anything to Jesus that does not represent a measure of sacrifice.

Contemplating the days ahead, what shall be the test of our gifts to Jesus? Shall we give him our left-over time? Shall we be satisfied to bring him a pittance of material gifts? Or shall our gifts, like the gifts of the Wise Men, be the first fruits of all his increase? He asks for our love, our loyalty, our glad and sincere devotion.

* * *

The Long Look

NOW we come to the heart of Sunday's lesson in Revelation 21:3: "He shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples." God's eternal rule will be gladly acknowledged and received if all place their hands in his hand at the gate of another year.

Nineteen forty-eight holds many question marks. People are afraid. They are confused. And here comes the message of Sunday's lesson — "He shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples."

The world is passing away, the lust thereof, but they that put their trust in God shall abide forever and ever. God's eternal rule has been vindicated in history. It will be vindicated again and again in the coming year wherever his people cast themselves in unwavering faith into his care and keeping.

We shall do well to read again and again the chapters in Revelation, 16-22, and see how all who walked with God were victorious, and how all who forgot him and forsook his ways, were destroyed.

Do we not see the clear application for our day and generation? The nations that forget God do die.

* * *

God's Eternal Rule

LET us turn now to the verse in Psalm 145, which reads: "Thy Kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

Every thoughtful person is today wistfully searching for certitude — for the assurance that behind these dark clouds that lower over our frightened world the sun still shines. Better, that the sun shall break through these clouds.

Our lesson gives that very assurance. This is our Father's world. He lives! He reigns! And he waits to reveal himself to us in wisdom and power. He will not force himself upon us. We must open the door to him. He stands and knocks.

Is that not enough to bring us to our knees in the fervent prayer, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven."

Beginning in the home, and spreading into every area of life, may the truth of Sunday's lesson become the watchword of America and of all lands as we enter upon the New Year. Thus panoplied, we shall be strong and prepared to meet and master every problem at hand and ahead.

"Our God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

(Copyright by the International Council of Religious Education on behalf of 40 Protestant denominations. Released by WNU Features.)

SHORT STORY

There's a Light Somewhere

By
M. CHRISTOPHER

HAL Miers took his time walking from the house to the stable. There was a light wind ruffling his hair. The air smelled clean, coming up from the river. He could feel the warm sun, feel it burn because during these long months of absence he had grown unaccustomed to it.

He reached the end of the path and felt for the corner fence post. Proudly he grasped it. It was like a door opening to a light. I've come this far, the rest should be easy, he thought.

He sought for the edge of the stable; the wide door pushed open. He figured that the hinges hadn't been oiled since he had oiled them himself months ago.

That was just before he had taken off on that crucial flight and crashed into a mountain. It had taken two lives; and almost his, too. It took his sight but left his memories.

He heard the horse. Michael! The horse remembered him. "Michael!" he whispered tensely.

The horse whinnied. Hal felt the nose touch his outstretched hand.

"You ol' pal! How you been, huh?

3-Minute Fiction

How you been?" Hal sniffed appreciatively. He liked the smell of a horse. He should, for he had practically grown up with it.

"I'll never ride you again, Mike, ol' boy," he said softly. "I'd probably break my neck. That's what the doc said. That would be foolish, wouldn't it? I'd be a dead duck and not able to touch, smell or hear you." The horse whinnied again and Hal choked. He hadn't realized how much that had meant!

AT THE hospital, with the gauze on his eyes, he had thought of the wonderful days when he used to ride Michael across the meadow and leap the fence. Hal's father had purchased Michael as a colt for racing. Right from the first Michael had won. But a horse gets older. He must quit. Hal had made Michael quit, but he hadn't quit keeping him and loving him. And riding him, too—until now.

He fumbled out of the stable and with groping steps started walking back to the house.

"Hal, wait a minute." It was his father. "I was wondering when it would hit you like this, son. I know how I'd feel."

"That's all right, Dad," Hal said. "Guess I'm just a kid at heart."

His father chuckled. "It'll pass. Everything does."

Hal fell asleep late and in the morning sat disconsolately in the living room.

"It's nice outside, son," his father said, quietly. "Why don't you get some sun. You need it on that skin."

Outside he could not feel any wind, but he could smell the stable. He



He could not feel any wind but he could smell the stable.

could hear the twitter of sparrows, the faint sound of the river. And he found his way back to the stable and old Michael.

"You're coming with me, ol' boy!" Hal said.

He groped for the saddle. Could saddle you blindfolded, he used to say. Now to prove it.

He led the horse outside. The fear began to grip him tighter now. He swung himself upon the horse. "Steady, boy!" he whispered. "Steady!"

"Okay, Mike. Let's go. But easy, at first. Let me get the feel of it. Just around the meadow, boy."

The horse started off. Hal felt the graceful move of his body and coordinated his own movements with it. Gradually, Hal made him go faster, each time clinging tighter to the reins in his hands. The wind whipped against his face, and a couple of times he felt himself sway off to one side as Michael plunged to make a turn, his hooves thumping against the hard ground. But he always righted himself and stayed on. Hal laughed against the wind, laughed loudly, in the sheer joy of riding once again, at the same time prodding Michael to a faster and faster pace.

Presently, a voice shouted through the whistling darkness at him. "Son! For Heaven's sakes, what're you doing? Stop . . . !"

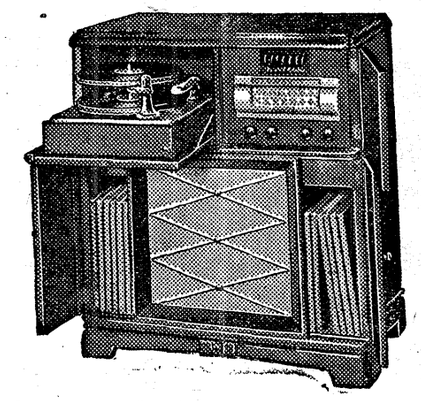
Hal laughed the louder. "I'm riding, Dad!" he shouted back. "Riding! Can't you see?"

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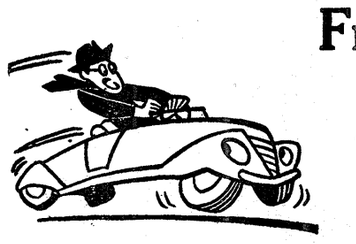
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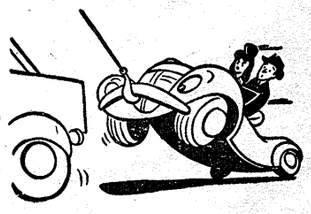
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Ho! Ho!
for Christmas!

★

Merrily, merrily,
jolly good friends,
and a grand and
glorious holiday
to you all!

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Old Fashioned Yuletide Greetings

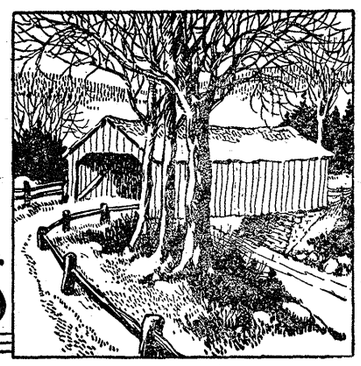


● It isn't always stylish to be old fashioned, but there are times when it's very genuine—and Christmas is one of them. Yes, folks, we wish you an old fashioned Christmas this year . . . the best one of them all!

West Side Service Station
Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy H. Bussler

Thanks, Friends.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



MAY THE TREASURE OF ACCUMULATED MEMORIES of Christmases past and gone gladden your Christmas celebration this year. We wish for you all the good things for which Christmas has always stood.

★ ★ ★

J. Van Dellen, M. D.



By DANIEL F. LINDSAY

TOM LARKIN opened the kitchen door. His wife looked up with a hopeful smile as he entered. He just shook his head.

"No mail at all?" she said as she went on fixing dinner.

"Oh, there were a couple of ads and a bill from the seed company." He hung his hat on a hook and crossed to the pump. His white hair was damp around his face when he straightened up again.

"It's just not like Bill," she sighed.

"Bill's got an unforgivin' streak, always did have, even when he was a little feller." Pa's old briar gave off a pungent odor as he lit it.

"But this is different, Tom," she said, putting a pan of biscuits in the oven, "tomorrow is Christmas. It's a long way to the coast. Maybe he wrote but didn't mail it in time."

"Ma," his tired old voice was filled with bitterness, "there's no need to stick pins in yourself by hopin'. Christmas or no Christmas . . . that boy is still mad."



"She could see Pa striding into the living room."

The old lady's eyes shone with faith. "He might stay mad all year long but when Christmas comes . . . he'll write. I know. I'm his Ma."

"Don't forget," Tom said as he blew smoke at the ceiling. His eyes crinkled at the corners, "I'm his father."

"Dinner's ready, Pa," she said, filled with a deep longing and fought to keep the tears out of her voice.

"I c'n understand that boy still bein' mad at me, but why does he have to take it out on you?"

"You're wrong, Tom," Ma replied as she lifted her head and smiled. "The day after Christmas, first delivery, we'll get a letter. You'll see."

"Not from him," he shook his head grimly.

"You're forgettin' Judy," she reminded him as they sat down. "She's a good daughter-in-law."

"Oh, I'm not blamin' her," replying as he covered his biscuits with gravy, "Judy's a fine girl. It's his bull headed pride."

She got up and taking the coffee pot off the cook stove filled his cup. They ate on in silence. Finally he pushed his plate back.

"You aren't eatin' much," he scolded.

"I'm just not hungry, Pa."

"I see," he stood up. "I'm goin' out and turn the heater on in the hen house. It'll be cold tonight." His old shoulders slumped forward as he went outside. She shook her head and started picking up the dishes. Her mind sank back into the past. To the days when Christmas was alive with the excitement and laughter of young voices. She could see Pa striding into the living room bearing a large evergreen on his shoulder. Behind him there was always a highly excited little boy, bearing an axe. She wondered if the little boy ever thought of it.

PA CAME back on the porch. She smiled as he kicked his toe against the threshold. It's a wonder, she thought, that there's any threshold left after all these years. He came into the kitchen, dumping an arm load of kindling in the box behind the range.

"Snowin', Pa?"

He shook his head and took off his wraps, replying, "Stopped."

She hung the dish towels up to dry. He pulled a rocker in from the living room and sat down.

"Everything all right in the barn?" Ma asked as she threw a few lumps of coal in the fire.

"Sure," Pa said. A sad smile crossed his lips, "What's the use pretendin', Ma? We're both feelin' blue."

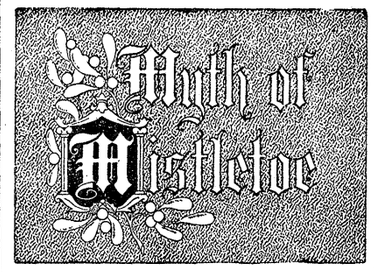
She sat down at the old kitchen table and started peeling apples, uttered, "I know it."

"Gonna bake me a pie?" he asked.

She nodded. "Apple was always Billy's favorite, too."

"Now, Ma, what's the use o. . .," he stopped as they heard a car drive up in the yard. "Must be Jim Rogers Said today that new calf of his was sick." He opened the kitchen door and peered out into the night. She could hear him catch his breath as he watched a man and a woman get out. "Ma, who do you think?" his voice was low.

"I knew," Ma laughed as she laid the paring knife down with a happy smile. "I knew it all the ti-



Surrounded by myth by primitive peoples, the mistletoe was taken over by Christians who also wove fanciful legends around it.

In ancient mythology, the mistletoe was the instrument of evil. The Druids of Britain believed the plant possessed healing powers. Other primitive people thought that mistletoe found growing on oaks had magical powers.

Taken over into Christian tradition, the mistletoe was dedicated to the Christ Child. Adopted as symbolical of the healing power of our Lord, it was used to adorn the altars at Christmas. Monks of the monasteries called it the "wood of the cross" and attributed supernatural powers to it. The white berries were said to reflect the radiance caught from the guiding star when the Wise Men were led to the manger.



Norwegian farmers give their cattle tubs of home-brewed ale on Christmas Eve.

At midnight of Christmas Eve people in Madrid eat 12 grapes for good luck in the coming year.

There are 175 different kinds of holly.

Christmas has been celebrated on more than 100 different days in various parts of the world.

Christopher Columbus and his men landed on the coast of Cuba on December 25, 1492, naming the point Navidad.

George Washington crossed the Delaware and made a successful attack on the Hessian troops at Trenton, N. J., on Christmas Day, 1776.

Oliver Cromwell and his Puritan followers abolished Christmas Day in England, banning all feasting and fun. The ban lasted for seven years and was lifted when Charles II became king.

The needy are considered in Hungary at Christmastime, a levy being assessed against richer citizens so the poor may have sufficient to eat and drink.

Extinguishing Fire

Fires caused by oil, grease, or gasoline should be put out with dry sand, baking soda, or special types of fire extinguishers; never use water.

Nutritious Dessert

Small pastry shells baked on inverted muffin tins and filled with well seasoned applesauce make a nutritious dessert. Sprinkle with nutmeg or chopped nuts if desired.

Part of an Airplane

There are approximately 3,000 anti-friction ball and roller bearings of all types in the modern commercial coast-to-coast passenger and freight airplanes.

The tipsy husband tip-toed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climed into bed, smiling at the thought he'd put one over on the wife.

Came the dawn. He opened his eyes, and there stood his wife glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" quoted he.

"You were drunk last night," she replied.

"Why darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put all the adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror?"

When a girl looks good in a bathing suit, a man usually looks good too.



Joy to the World
Christmas

● Christmas is not all tinsel and tissue or colored lights and merriment. It has a deeper significance, rooted in the long gone past, which sets it high above all other holidays of the year.

● It is our hope that this blessed season will bring to your home not only the festive joys of Yuletide but that deep inner peace which is essentially a part of Christmas.

★

Herman Drenth & Sons



Sincere Wishes for a Merry Christmas

LET'S ALL BE HAPPY!

Christmas is likely to become too prosaic to many of us grownups, but to boyhood's eager eyes it is a time of preparation and expectancy . . . an enchanted season when the woodland is hushed and even ordinary tasks take on the glamor and joy of dragging home the Christmas tree.

★

Sherman's Store



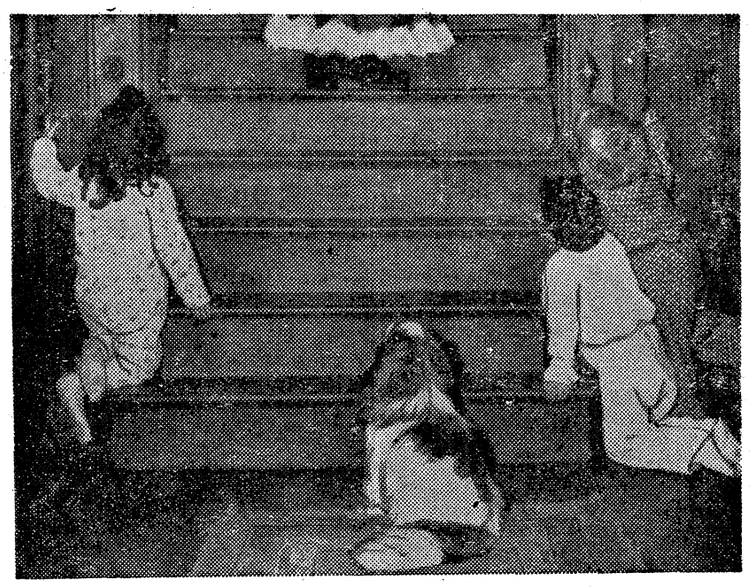
A·MERRY·CHRISTMAS

WE KNOW OF NO BETTER TIME THAN CHRISTMAS TO GIVE RECOGNITION TO OUR MANY FRIENDS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED SO GREATLY TO OUR SUCCESS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

FROM ALL OF US ONCE MORE TO YOU, WHETHER YOU ARE OUR CUSTOMER OR NOT . . .

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A. & P. Store Employees



JUST IN TIME . . . Youngsters all over America will sleep with one eye open on Christmas Eve—if they are lucky they might see Santa's feet as he hurries on his way. These youngsters arrived in time to hear, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight."

Husband; answering telephone: "I don't know. Call the weather bureau."

Pretty Young Wife: "Who was that?"

Husband: "Some sailor, I guess. He asked if the coast was clear."

—o—

Liquefy Honey

To liquefy honey that has granulated place the container in a bowl of warm water—not warmer than the hand can bear—until all crystals are melted.

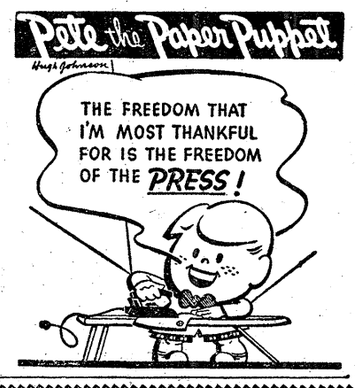
—o—

Loses Vitamin

Cooked cabbage held in the refrigerator two or three days and then reheated does not lose as much vitamin C as does that kept standing on the stove for an hour or two.

"I quit my last job because the boss used such offensive language." "Indeed? What did he say?" " 'You,-re fired'!"

—o—





JOIN WITH US

Let us toss our cares out the window. It's Christmas! Join with us in celebrating the glorious holiday.

And Merry Christmas
TO YOU

The Temple Grill
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Irwin



Have you ever thought of Christmas as a birthday party—a birthday party that goes all over the world at once? That is why Christmas is so joyous! Everybody is a participant in this big, grand, world-wide party, with Santa Claus the host!

And here we are, on the Eve of Christmas, sending you our very best wishes for a joyous time at this great Birthday Party.

Chris's Men's Wear



ALL OF OUR
FOLKS ARE HOPING
THAT ALL OF
YOUR FOLKS WILL
SPEND A MIGHTY
Merry Christmas

Boyne City Dry Cleaners



★ ★ ★

The Year's Biggest Day

is just around the corner, and we are all as happy as children. For this is really going to be a merry Christmas.

That it may be especially joyous for you is the sincere wish of

John H. Savory, M. D.



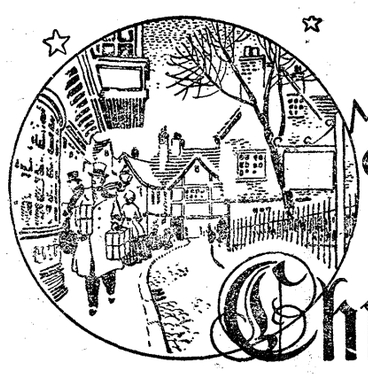
CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

● THESE ARE DAYS WHEN WE ARE ALL IN A BIG HURRY TO GET HOME, FOR THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME WHEN THE CHRISTMAS WREATH IS GLOWING IN THE WINDOW. WE ARE DUE RIGHT NOW TO SAY OUR LITTLE PIECE—AN OLD REFRAIN, IT IS TRUE, BUT AS WARM AND HEARTFELT AS THE FIRST TIME WE EVER SAID IT—

MERRY CHRISTMAS

★

Andy's Duck Inn



One need not be told it is Christmastime. The glowing faces of friend and stranger alike bespeak it. It gives us the same thrill as of old to wish all our friends, and those who are still to become our friends, a very Merry Christmas.

Boyne City Gas Company



HOLIDAY SEASON

● **Right now it's time to lay aside business cares and all that is complicated and get down to simple things. A little boy on the floor under the Christmas tree watching his electric train whizz past, the happy faces of little girls singing Christmas carols, boys coasting down the hill.**

Let's catch that spirit! Merry Christmas to you, and you, and you!

★ ★ ★

Bos Laundry & Linen Service